Thou ſhew'ſt the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſterne murther how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardiſe in noble breaſts:
What ſhall I ſay, to ſafegard thine owne life,
The beſt way is to venge my *Gloſters* death.

Gaunt. Heavens is the quarrell: for Heavens ſubſtitute
His Deputy annoynted in his ſight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully
Let heaven revenge: for I may neuer lift
An angry arme againſt his Miniſter.

Dut. Where then (alas) may I complaine my ſelfe?

Gan. To heaven, the widdowes Champion to defence.

Dut. Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*.
Thou go'ſt to Coventry, there to behold
Our Coſin *Hereford*, and fell *Mowbray* fight:
O ſit my husbands wrongs on *Herefords* ſpeare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes breaſt:
Or if misfortune miſſe the firſt carreere,
Be *Mowbrayes* ſinnes ſo heavy in his boſome,
That they may breake his foaming courſers backe,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Liſts,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Coſin *Hereford*.
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy ſometimes brothers wife
With her companion Greeſe, muſt end her life.

Gau. Siſter fare well; I muſt to Couentry,
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with me.

Dut. Yet one word more Greeſe boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowneſſe, but weight.
I take my leaue before I haue begun,
For ſorrow ends not: when it ſeemeth done.
Commend me to my brother *Edward Yorke*.
Loe, this is all: nay yet depart not ſo,
Though this be all, do nor ſo quickely goe,
I ſhall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
With all good ſpeed at *Pleſhie* viſite me.
Alacke, and what ſhall good old *Yorke* there ſee
But empty lodgings, and unfurniſh'd walles,
Vn-

Vn-peopl'd Offices, untroden ſtones?
And what heare there for welcome, but my groanes?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To ſeeke out ſorrow, that dwels every where:
Deſolate, deſolate will I hence and dye,
The laſt leave of thee, takes my weeping eye. *Exeu*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Marſhall, and Aumerle.

Mar. My L. *Aumerle*, is *Harry Hereford* arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all poynts, and longs to enter in,

Mar. The Duke of Norfolke, ſprightfully and bold
Stayes but the ſummons of the Appellants Trumpet.

Au. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and
For nothing but his Maieſties approach. *Flour*

Enter King, Gaunt, Buſhy, Bagot, Greene, and others: Then Mowbray in Armor, and Harrold.

Rich. Marſhall, demand of yonder Champion
The cauſe of his arrivall here in Armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To ſweare him in the juſtice of his cauſe.

Mar. In Gods Name, and the Kings, ſay who thou a
And why thou com'ſt, thus Knightly clad in Armes?
Againſt what man thou com'ſt, and what's thy quarre
Speake truely, on thy Knighthood, and thine oath,
As ſo defend thee heaven, and thy valour.

Mow. My name is *Tho. Mowbray*, Duke of Norfol
Who hither come engaged by my oath
(Which heaven defend a Knight ſhould violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and his ſucceeding iſſue,
Againſt the Duke of Hereford, that appeales me.